VOICES *of* PEACE

May, 1928

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VOICES *of* PEACE

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VOLUME III MAY, 1928 NUMBER 4

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EDITORIAL

READING DURING VACATION

Vacation is a time for recreation. There is little doubt that a three months' absence from school books is needed after nine months of study. Yet these months are often wasted. The tendency is to see how much can be done in the ninety days, how much dashing from place to place in a mad effort to overtake time. The end of the summer finds a rather tired and thoroughly worn-out crowd of young people, returning irritatedly to school.

Some of the ninety days should be spent in reading. Not cheap magazines that are so often the only literature the present generation is familiar with, or even the insipid, over-emotional novels that are crowding the markets. After a year at college the student should have formed a definite opinion of what is good literature and what is not, and should be her own judge as to what she will read and what she will leave unread.

Every intelligent person should keep up with the best books of the day. During the school year it is hard to find time to do any reading except what is required, but the summer affords ample opportunity to make the acquaintance of our present-day writers.

We also suggest that the student not stop with present-day literature. The Juniors who will take the course in English literature next year will find that if they will spend some of their time reading the works of the eighteenth and nineteenth century writers it will be of inestimable value to them in their next year's work. And not only will it be helpful, but it will be enjoyable. The youth of today have acquired the habit of dismissing the older writers with an excessively bored shrug without bothering to investigate for themselves. But in their mad search for something new and different they will probably find it among the older writers and not in the inane sophistication of the new.

SUNSET

A batik scarf across the sky:
The colors mingling, changing, shrouding the heaven;
The afterglow touches the world with peace—
Night draws the curtain.

AILEEN MACKAY.

AUNT HANNAH AND THE BRITISH SOLDIERS

"Miss Hannah, dem British soldiers are coming down de street! I knows dey are British, 'case Tommy said dey had come to town. I 'spect dat dey are coming here, 'case Marse John said yestiday dat dey always comes to de houses ob de prominent citizens. What are we gwine to do?" cried Cindy fearfully. Beads of perspiration stood out on her black forehead. She wiped them off with a trembling hand, and tried to assume an air of bravery.

"That's all right, Cindy. You go back to the kitchen and finish breakfast. They won't bother you out there, and if I need you I will call you," comforted Aunt Hannah.

"Yes'm, yes'm, be sure to call me!" Cindy breathed a sigh of relief and waddled quickly back to the kitchen.

Aunt Hannah was a remarkable old woman. She lived by herself, except for a few servants, in an old colonial home. She was tall, rather thin, and very straight, and carried herself with great dignity. She was noted for her practical sense and her devout piety.

She sat down at the old mahogany desk when Cindy closed the door and tried to write a letter. But the words did not seem to come! She was thinking about what old Cindy had said about the British soldiers singling out the houses of the most prominent rebels. Well she knew that she was one of the most outstanding Whigs in Romney, and she was proud of it. Yet, in spite of all her pride, she felt slightly uneasy when she glanced out of the window and saw that the soldiers Cindy had seen were officers. She saw, too, that they had turned in at the gate and were coming up the path.

She got up quickly when heavy steps sounded on the porch and smoothed her little white apron. She put a strand of grey hair back in place and opened the door fearlessly.

"Madam," the tall officer ordered crisply when the big door swung open, "Madam, we want breakfast for five immediately."

"Good morning," she said coolly, all trace of uneasiness gone. "Walk right in here," and she led the way into the dark parlor. While they were getting used to the dark room, she added, "The Bible teaches us to feed our enemies." She walked calmly over and raised the window and threw open the shutter, letting streams of sunshine in.

"We want breakfast immediately," the tall officer repeated, not a bit taken aback by what she had said.

"Breakfast will not be ready before eight," she told him calmly, glancing up to the old grandfather clock in the corner. "Excuse me while I give cook directions." She walked sedately to the kitchen, where the excited Cindy stood wringing her hands.

"Have dey come? What am they gwine do to us?" she cried in terror.

"There, there, Cindy, calm yourself. They are respectable officers; the only thing they lack is manners. The only thing they want with us is a good meal. Regardless of the fact that they are on the wrong side, they must have food, so get to work, and stop rolling your eyes like that and shivering. Put on the coffee and add some more flour to your biscuits. Be sure to fry enough ham."

She went into the dining room and arranged the flowers on the table. Most women all alone in a big house with no one but servants would have been afraid, but Aunt Hannah seemed not affected in the least.

After a while she returned to the parlor, walked over to the table, and picked up a well worn Bible. "It is our custom," she

remarked calmly, "to engage in family worship before we eat. I hope you gentlemen will join us." While she was saying this she opened the Book to the twenty-seventh Psalm and began to read in a loud, clear voice. She emphasized especially, "When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me my heart shall not fear . . . "

She read the whole Psalm through and then, without glancing at the officers, knelt down to pray. She prayed a fervent prayer, asking God to deliver her from her enemies and take care of her. When she arose the room was empty.

"Where have they gone?" she thought. "Of course they have slipped into another room and are just hiding to make me seem ridiculous." She remembered the look in the little officer's eyes when she picked up the Bible. They had all seemed very respectful when she told them about family prayers, though of course they had had a surprised look on their faces.

She walked quickly into the next room. That room also was empty. She continued her search, even looking up and down the street, but not a British officer was to be seen. They had disappeared as if by magic.

Aunt Hannah was not bothered again by British officers, much less by British soldiers!

Elizabeth Earle, '29.

CONTAGION

There's an ink smudge on my fingers,
  A frown between my eyes;
Every sentence that I read
  I punctuate with sighs.

The lazy breezes mock me
  And tangle in my hair;
The sun-beams kiss my forehead,
  And print a freckle there.

My books slide from my fingers—
  Cold and printed things—
As I take, in lazy languor,
  An overdose of Spring.

ALICE MCLEAN, '29

ON THE RIGHTS OF PEDESTRIANS

After carefully studying newspapers for a long while I have come to the following conclusions concerning the rights of pedestrians:

1. Most autoists consider it unfair for the pedestrian to wave, yell, or in any way attract the motorist's attention and thus make his aim less effective;

2. It is considered permissible to jump, run, and indulge in the usual methods of dodging;

3. The practice of starting across the street and then turning back is forbidden in the best circles, and is now thought by all classes to be a cowardly act;

4. The old custom of jumping on the bumper of a car aimed at the pedestrian is now a thing of the past, the great mass of "We Who Drive" considering this unsportsmanlike;

5. It is not permissible to avoid one automobile by jumping in front of another; if a motorist has selected you as his fair game, he should have first choice.

These conclusions were gathered, as I have said, from the study of newspapers, but personal experience, also, had considerable influence in the forming of them. I give below, corresponding to the order of the conclusions, instances to illustrate them, taken from my own experience.

I drove behind a car that followed a pedestrian for four blocks, playing with the victim as a cat does with a mouse. Several times the owner of the car increased his speed and endeavored to bring his man to ground, but each time his plan was thwarted by the wild and unnerving antics of the intended victim. At last, during a momentary lull in the prey's protestings, the driver saw his longed-for chance, but just as he speeded up the car, intending to end the game, the pedestrian stepped out of the road onto the sidewalk! Imagine the chagrin and disappointment of the driver! I have seen pedestrians do many unfair things, but that was the meanest and most heartless trick I can remember. The driver turned around and my eyes filled with tears as I saw him; a mere boy, his thin face strained and haggard, showing the bitterness of the disappointment he had suffered. A law should be passed against such thoughtless acts!

I admire a man, in this age, who has learned to dodge cars gracefully and successfully, more than I do an accomplished musician or artist. The art of dodging and parrying with a car which has singled you out as its prey, is an extremely difficult

accomplishment and is found only in the minority among Americans. Most pedestrians make the mistake of surrendering too early in a chase. A pedestrian who dodges a car successfully for just the right length of time, and then, apparently by some accident, such as stumping his toe, allows himself to be run down, is the delight of all motorists. Through his parrying, the victim adds just enough spice to the hunt, without rendering it tiresome to the driver.

I stood one day on a busy corner in Baltimore, waiting for a street car. Traffic was unusually heavy and a throng of pedestrians had gathered around me, waiting for a chance to dash across the crowded street. Always thinking about my favorite subject, when on the street, I turned and scanned the faces around me to see if there were one true-hearted pedestrian among them. I had almost given up hope, highly disgusted at the strained, frightened faces around me, when, to my delight, I saw approaching through the crowd, a young fellow with a jaunty walk and a beaming countenance. My soul was warmed at the sight; yes, he had the right spirit; there was the evidence of it, a broken arm.

He approached the curb, paused for barely a moment, and then stepped bravely out into that mass of seething, dashing machinery. What a stir he caused! About six high-powered vehicles spotted him and made straight for him. It was beautiful, but, as I might have known, too beautiful to last. Just as the onrushing cars sped up for the last lap, the boy suddenly wheeled and fairly flew back to the curb he had just left.

I have never been so disgusted in my life! I grabbed the trembling coward and shook him soundly, rebuking him for his cowardly act and the trouble he had caused; for the six cars had crashed into one another and were smashed beyond hope of repair. That day I almost ended this worthless life of mine and also my pursuit of this subject; the only answer I could

shake from that man to justify his conduct was this: "I'm sorry I didn't look where I was goin', Ma'am. You see, she just said 'yes' today, and I wasn't thinkin' where I was goin'."

Motorists have a horror of the custom of jumping on bumpers, because it hinders their aim, and lessens their chances of hitting anyone else. If the pedestrian indulges in this hated practice, he should be thoughtful enough to jump on the right side of the bumper, in order not to block the driver's line of sight.

Foolish pride, and even snobbishness, is shown on many occasions by pedestrians (usually the new-rich) who will step from in front of a Ford, or a Chevrolet, in order to be hit by a Packard, or some other costly car. This is, of course, disgusting, and is very humiliating to owners of moderately priced cars.

I find that "hit-and-run" drivers have been greatly abused and run down by the public and I am ready to take my stand at any time in defense of them. Contrary to public opinion, I think that a driver should not stop after a successful chase, unless he is in no hurry. Statistics show that thousands of business hours are lost every year by drivers who persist in stopping to watch their victim's final agonies. If you insist upon gratifying this morbid curiosity, be sure to select a time when you will not lose valuable hours.

I wish also to say a few words on that now so widely discussed question: Women's rights as distinguished from those of men. Being a suffragette, I think that women should be accorded no more consideration than men. The old idea of chivalry is a thing of the past, and nowadays for a driver purposely to avoid a woman is to insult her ability to protect herself.

The pedestrian has one accepted and respected right: that is, the right to the sidewalk. It is his territory; his one place of safety. If you would keep your health, keep to the sidewalk. There are few motorists who will drive there to get you, and

their number is steadily decreasing. Of course there are times when one must cross the street. The best method for this is as follows: Choose a crowded street and lie down near the curb, as though dead; then slowly work your way across, little by little. Motorists are not yet scavengers, and will usually leave a corpse alone.

JEAN MCIVER, '29.

TO A SPARROW

Little speckled sparrow
Twittering in your nest,
In your narrow feathered bed
Can't you find some rest?

Did a naughty tabby-rascal
Get one of your babies dear,
The one you've watched so carefully,
The one you'll miss this year?

I'm sorry, little birdie,
If you're in trouble deep;
But please be quiet now,
And let somebody sleep.

DAPHNE CLARK, '28.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Audrey was entrancing—irresistibly, incontestably entrancing. Her soft yellow hair clung caressingly close to her arrogant, small head and framed her rounded, childish face in a golden glow, punctuated somewhat by insolent ringlets that dipped inquiringly low upon her forehead.

Across the breakfast table her young husband gazed delightedly at her. Bill Wellons, with his adoring brown eyes, his whimsical smile, and his boyish, teasing manner, was all that a husband of two months should be—dazed, ecstatic, and completely subjugated. His football record, his dear brothers of the most difficult lodge on the campus, his reputation as a Don Juan with a roving, critical eye, had combined forces to crumple easily beneath the terrific battery of the most guileless, infantile pair of eyes ever donned as a cloak for unrelenting, purposeful resolve. Audrey had danced into his life on number two triple a's and managed to keep both of these absurdities on the susceptible heart of Bill—charmingly, but tenaciously.

As he gazed upon her, Bill Wellons experienced an infinite compassion for "the boys"—celibate wretches who rose raucously to the ragged tune of a tortured popular song, who consumed hurriedly great quantities of anything the house-mother might throw together, who raced to class to gain, unmolested, a few hours of sleep.

Bill sold bonds fervently but rather spasmodically. The austere August Wellons of the Wellons Consolidated Trust Company was "backing" his son in business, dubiously but rather relievedly. Bill and his pranks had been a source of agitation to him for twenty-two years and it was with actual gratitude that he shifted this weight of responsibility to the slim, silken

shoulders of his son's small wife. His own wife had lived but a few hours after the advent of William August Wellons III, and her husband, grief-stricken, had begun clumsily and confusedly to rear the child. He had instilled into Bill a certain antiquated homage for women, a gallant air that sat well upon the stalwart shoulders, mellowed the effect of the rakishly cut clothes, and the sophisticated mask adopted by young William.

August Wellons was horribly afraid of Audrey, but he contrived to conceal his trepidation. Audrey, he reasoned, would obviously take care of Bill. There would be no more thoughtless pranks, no more gay young chorus girls consumed with the desire to marry Bill. August recognized in Audrey his superior and bowed before her, deferentially and thankfully.

The pale flutter of his wife's wee fingers over the teacups fascinated Bill. The breakfast room, with its gay, ruffled curtains and cool, green furniture, seemed a little fragment of Heaven that had strayed to earth. Audrey's fingers drooped listlessly. Bill gulped the last of his bitter coffee and surreptitiously hid another small burnt biscuit in his already bulging pocket.

"What's the matter, Sweet? Tired? No more getting up at daybreak to cook *my* breakfast, Mrs. Wellons! You run off to bed now. If those precious eyes aren't bright as bright tonight, I'll beat you with a very large stick!"

He kissed her repeatedly and ran down the steps into the street. His eyes shone quite foolishly for three blocks.

August Wellons paused before the massive mahogany door, scrutinized the modest caption: William A. Wellons III, with great pride, and raised his large white fist to knock upon the door. But just then the sound of voices arrested him. Bill was pleading desperately with someone who responded in sullen, but feminine, tones. August sighed despondently. Only two months and it had begun already! He shook his head despairingly and walked into the outer office to wait. Idly he turned to Willie,

an office boy who had escaped freckles and who never in his life had claimed a deceased grandmother on baseball days, but who was otherwise the proverbial office boy, and asked, "How long has Mrs. Wellons been in there?"

Willie grinned knowingly. "'Bout a nour. It ain't Mis' Wellons, though!"

August stiffened. "Client?"

Willie wished to wink still more significantly, but he controlled the desire and said in a husky whisper, "Nope. He rung 'er up and ast her to come up here."

The voices in the adjoining room rose to an audible pitch.

"Can't you be there tonight? I'll meet you and take you home. Please! If you only realized how I need you I think that you would do this for me!" Bill's voice fell, pleading, coaxing, and irresistible. A girl's voice, sullen and coarse-fibered, could be heard in stubborn rejoinder.

Suddenly the door was flung open and a woman stalked majestically into the waiting room. Her lips were vigorously red and clashed with the bright orange tint upon her cheeks. Her skirt was a clamoring checked thing that clapped angrily around her knees as she walked. Bill emerged behind her, utterly ignored the astounded August, and as she dashed into the street, followed her; talking, pleading.

August shut his mouth quickly, angrily aware of the fact that Willie had been gazing amusedly at the region of his tonsils during the entire episode. He settled himself firmly in a chair and awaited his son, who seemed to be having difficulty in returning to his office. He found a University annual and turned its pages to the picture of Bill, a debonair, challenging Bill with a host of honors under his name, and the "hottest" tie on the campus under his chin.

August groaned pitifully as the trite little saying at the bottom of a lengthy and inane write-up burned itself into his brain.

"He has a way with the wimmin." "Alas!" thought August, and admitted himself defeated.

The door burst open. Bill appeared, a jubilant, triumphant Bill with a strange light in his warm brown eyes.

"Well?" interrogated his parent coldly.

Bill thumped him joyously upon the back.

"'Lo!" he cried "I've done a hard day's work! I've raved till I'm hoarse, I've promised till I'm weak, I've threatened dire things! My wife shan't kill herself working, though! Think how Audrey'll smile when she sees the new cook I've hired!"

ALICE MCLEAN, '29.

TO SPRING

It's so good to be a-livin'
When the Spring comes round again
With the May flowers blooming
From their bath of April's rain.

There's a hum around our college
With the things now being done;
The daily routine goes on
With our play, our work, our fun.

I can't help feeling dreamy
With the balm of Maytime weather,
And the year will be just perfect
When we graduate together.

MARGARET GREEN, '28.

MORMONS AND MORMONISM

In many ways the Mormons are a very strange and interesting people. Their great difference from Gentiles lies in their beliefs. Mrs. G. W. Coleman, writing in the "Missionary Review of the World," says, "As a religion, Mormonism is a mixture of Paganism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Diabolism, with the lowest conception of a god the world has ever known except devil worship."

The Mormons originated in 1823, when Joseph Smith, in obedience to a supposed revelation from Heaven, dug up some golden tablets one day while plowing on a hillside in New York State. The plates were covered with weird hieroglyphics, which Joseph Smith translated into English. The translation, called the "Book of Mormon," was completed in 1830, and upon it all the beliefs of the Mormon Church are based.

The church was organized in 1830 by only six people at Fayette, New York. Since then, however, the organization has grown with surprising rapidity.

Soon after the founding of the church, Kirtland, Ohio, was made a temporary gathering place where flocked many, converted to the faith.

Jackson County, Missouri, was next made the Mecca of the Mormons, and the Mormons still consider this their land of Zion. From Jackson County they were driven to Clay County, and finally the Governor of Missouri, considering them a menace, drove them out of the state.

From Missouri, the Mormons migrated to Illinois, and there founded the city of Nauvoo, which grew amazingly fast. The growth of the city may be accounted for by the exceptional skill of the Mormons in anything they undertook to do, and by the

extreme vitality of the organization. Hordes of people poured into Nauvoo.

The death of Joseph Smith came as a great blow to his followers and to the progress of the city. He was shot with his brother in jail, having been placed there for supposedly instigating a mob, which destroyed a printing establishment that had printed propaganda against the Mormons. After his death, Heaven supposedly revealed to Brigham Young, who had stepped into Joseph Smith's place, that he should lead the Mormons away from persecution. With a few hundred pioneers, Young penetrated into the wilds of central Utah in search of a location for the Mormon kingdom.

They settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, which was then a parched desert region. But by means of irrigation this same region was, in a few years, made like a blossoming flower garden to which the entire population of Nauvoo flocked by the thousand.

On the banks of the Great Salt Lake, the Mormons founded Salt Lake City. It is a beautiful city of wide streets and beautiful buildings. It grew rapidly, like Nauvoo. About the time of the founding of the city came the gold rush to California. Salt Lake City became a kind of midway station between East and West. The Mormons grew foodstuffs, making the city the chief source of food as well as of many other supplies for the travelers.

After the cession of Utah to the United States by Mexico, Utah was formally made a territory and Congress made appropriations for public improvements. Later the government sent troops to Utah to put down a supposed uprising on the part of the Mormons, but the troops were immediately withdrawn, since there proved to be no uprising.

In 1877, Brigham Young died. He was succeeded in the presidency of the Mormon Church by John Taylor, who, in turn,

was succeeded by Wilford Woodruff. Woodruff issued a manifesto forbidding plural marriages, which had been allowed as a result of a revelation given to Joseph Smith at Kirtland. At the same time the United States legislated against polygamy. Many Mormons went to prison rather than give up their plural wives.

Utah became a State in 1896. The Mormons effected this in order that they might legislate to suit themselves.

In the following year the Mormons celebrated, with much ceremony, the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the pioneer Mormons to Utah.

Other presidents of the Mormon Church have been Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, nephew of the founder of the church, and Heber Grant. Under all these the organization has thrived. From six members, the church has grown to over a million, including about half a million "Jack-Mormons," or Mormon supporters. The church grows faster than the population. The Mormons proselyte and colonize in different parts of the United States and in foreign countries. By the 1926 census there were 2,333 missionaries, 1,016 of whom were outside the United States. The church supports Brigham Young University, six colleges, two high schools, and sixty-five seminaries.

The Mormon beliefs seem preposterous to Gentiles. For instance, Mormons believe that all the governments of the world are wrong. They are hostile to all governments and actually believe that some day the Mormons will rule the whole world, because, according to them, they are God's chosen people.

Although polygamy was abolished by law in 1890, the Mormons still hold the same beliefs concerning it, and still practice it to some extent illegally. Their principal reason for practicing polygamy is their belief that if they have large families on earth, they will have greater heavenly kingdoms in the hereafter. What probably seems more preposterous to us than any

other of the Mormon beliefs is that wives may have substitute husbands. These proxy marriages, of course, have to be sanctioned by the church. In addition to this, if one man happens to have more authority in the Mormon Church than another, he may take the wife of the man below him.

The Mormons also believe that they can save the souls of ancestors who died in ignorance. This can be accomplished by the laying on of hands, by continual baptism, or by having a marriage ceremony for eternity performed. Certain devout Mormons have been baptized again and again for the salvation of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and other great men.

The Mormon Church has great and far-reaching power. It has many irons in the fire, so to speak. It has a firm hold on politics, in that certain Mormons have been sent to Congress. Reed Smoot was made Chairman of the United States Publicity Bureau, and while holding this office did not allow anything to be published against his church. The vote in many places is controlled by the Mormon Church as a result of their colonization policy.

Besides their political power, the Mormons have very extensive commercial powers. They own many large companies such as the Inland Crystal Salt Company, the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, and the Utah Sugar Company; have control of some that they do not fully own, such as the State Bank of Utah and Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company; and are connected with others, for instance, the Union Pacific Railway Company. The Mormon Church is also connected with many huge trusts, for example, the Sugar Trust in the United States.

The Mormons are very powerful religiously as well as politically and commercially. They unite Church and State in Utah and wherever else they can, and thus gain more power in direct-

ing political affairs. In addition to this, they have, as I have already stated, many missionaries all over the world.

The Mormons have certain definite purposes or goals which they are doing their utmost to attain. Probably their foremost purpose is to establish a monarchy. The Mormon Kingdom is in itself already practically a monarchy; but the Mormons wish to extend it all over the world. Their purpose in working to make Mormonism supreme, runs along with their plan of a monarchy, because, of course, their proposed monarch would be centered in the Mormon Church.

To accomplish their second purpose, the Mormons would have to overcome Christianity. This also would have to be effected before they could hope to carry out their next purpose, to establish polygamy, because this practice is absolutely foreign to Christian teaching. The final purpose of the Mormon Church is to dominate the entire life of the Mormon. This last it has accomplished to a large extent.

The Mormons have certain definite plans by which they hope to accomplish all their purposes. The most important of their plans is to continue and improve their policy of colonization. Besides this, they plan to disarm prejudice against the Mormon Church as far as possible. To do this, they send bright young girls to eastern schools to mingle with Gentiles, and bright young men to eastern theological seminaries and into Christian pulpits to poison the minds of their followers.

The everyday customs of the Mormons are not so very different now from those of the Gentiles. They were formerly rather backward in adopting modern ideas, because they did not wish Gentile customs and ideas to penetrate into the Mormon kingdom and perhaps poison the minds of some weaker Mormons.

While polygamy existed, of course, family relations differed greatly from those of Gentiles. The husband divided his time

equally among his several wives. Some people, writing about Mormons, say that the wives were contented; others say that they were jealous. I am inclined to think that, instead of being contented, they were stoical and accepted their lot as inevitable. But some of the women at least attempted to save their daughters from being polygamous wives by encouraging them to run away with young Gentiles. At the time when polygamy was abolished the women were beginning to awake to the fact that polygamy was slavery. One woman, who had helped her daughter to run away with a Gentile, was confronted by an irate polygamist who said to her, "Don't you know that your daughter will go to hell?" "Well," answered the desperate mother, "perhaps she will, but I have seen to it that she goes as a first-class passenger. She will be comfortable on the way, at least."

Mormonism is a growing menace to the nation and to our national ideals. It is a menace to the nation, because all confirmed Mormons take an oath of undying enmity to the United States. It is a menace to the home through its tolerance of polygamy; to individual freedom through its claim to political and life control; and to democracy in its ideal of a Mormon kingdom.

Mormonism is a menace to all moral standards in its statement to converts that no sin enters Utah except what Gentiles commit there; in its additions to the Bible through constant and direct revelation; in its belief in the salvation of the dead by marriage and baptism; and in its belief in the right of selfishness in man and in the duty of unselfishness in woman.

It is difficult to know how to meet the menace of Mormonism. The law can do little beyond enforcing measures against polygamy and other crimes. The only way to do away with Mormonism is to correct its false beliefs. Much toward this has been accomplished by Christian missionaries of all denominations, but it is a mammoth task, because the Mormon leaders already have such a grip on the minds of the people.

There are two ways whereby the Mormons can be prevented from getting more converts. They are, first, to teach the truths of the Scripture so well that people may not be deceived by false doctrines; and, second, to keep the public informed, by means of the press and otherwise, about Mormonism, so that they may not be ensnared by the Mormon "elders."

Dr. J. D. Nutling, discussing a remedy for the Mormon menace in an article in the "Missionary Review of the World," says, "The only real cure for such religious disease [meaning Mormonism] lies in reversing the process by some means, so that the people shall gradually learn the truth instead of error, and shall become really converted to Christ."

MARTHA GRUVER, '29.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN

The foolish Virgin waits till night
To fill her lamp—that's true,
But through the hours of broad day-light
What does she do?

Perhaps tucked in her cozy bed,
She sleeps the hours away,
Or like the cricket, warm and fed,
She sings all day.

I say "perhaps," because I doubt
If there's much sleep or song;
I rather think she's in and out
With dates along.

If she lives in a college town
That solves the mystery,
The chances are, she's running round
With U. N. C.

When every game's a sure-fire thrill,
Each dance or ride a lark,
No wonder she forgets to fill
Her lamp till dark.

If I were asked to tell the way
That all my time is spent
The only thing that I could say,
Is that it "went."

The days just don't seem long enough
For work and pleasure, too,
And "Duty First" is easier stuff
To say than do.

To "bone" and "grind," while others play
Is just so hard—it's sad—
But on examination day
You wish you had.

So now it's me for midnight oil—
"Preparedness" is right;
Before I'll flunk this spring, I'll toil
Both day and night.

LILLY CRINKLEY, '28.

RAIN STORMS AND BRAIN STORMS

Mr. Cornelius Smith sat on the veranda of his beach cottage, rocking aimlessly and quietly enjoying the calm peacefulness of his surroundings and the beauties of the beach after a tiresome trolley ride from Wilmington. The blue ocean with a background of pink sunset splashed ceaselessly on the hard-packed sand, but this especial beauty was lost upon Mr. Smith, who was casting sheepish glances at the retreating form of one of his wife's feminine boarders.

Mr. Smith was just another one of those unnoticed, unthought-of persons that always wear a hang-dog expression. There wasn't any one that could remember his laughing heartily or talking loudly. He was a thin little man with scarcely any hair, watery blue eyes, a drooping mouth, and a sallow complexion. He had a way of walking that reminded one of a feline creeping about for a mouse, or, as one old woman expressed it, he looked like a cat that needed feeding.

"Cornelius!" called an ascending voice in the shower room below.

"Yes, m'love," answered the little man, turning an attentive ear to the spatter of water under the porch.

When his full first name was applied to him instead of the familiar "Connie," he knew it was time to make himself "scarce," so with a weary step he reached the end of the porch in time to see his wife laboriously trudging up the steep wooden steps. The handrail trembled under the clenching grasp. Her shingled grey hair and tight, clinging bathing suit dripped a steady stream of water. Rolls of fat worked and twitched beneath the thin black suit until she finally reached the last step, puffing furiously and wrinkling her fat face.

"Why don't you answer that phone, Cornelius, instead of making me use up all my nervous energy doing it myself?"

"I—I'm afraid I didn't hear its tinkle, m'love," meekly stammered the subdued husband.

"Don't 'm'love' me, Cornelius Smith! That phone did a lots more than tinkle; it sounded like a fire bell from below, and don't you dare contradict me, either!"

Cornelius had opened his mouth as if to speak, but, apparently thinking better of it, sighed deeply instead, while watching his wife disappear with surprising quickness into the hall. But it was only a moment that he leaned against the porch railing, relieved, for the heavy tread of bare feet became again audible.

"Connie, what do you think? There is an awful storm headed this way and everybody's got to get off the beach right now!" came the trembling voice of his wife, as she dropped limply into an old chair.

"Watch out!"

But it was too late, for Mrs. Smith's weight had sent the antique as flat as the floor that it had none too carefully set her upon. A jar, a squeak of a board, and a low moan were the only further sounds for a full minute.

"Cornelius Smith, why didn't you tell me that chair was so fragile? Don't stand there like a dummy; help me up before I take root on this old porch!"

The dazed Cornelius deftly helped his wife to her feet, only to make matters worse by stepping on her toe. But this accident went unnoticed except for an ugly grimace from his wife, who had become thoroughly absorbed in watching excited people dash along the beach into cottages, and sling clothes out of windows and doors. The storm rumor had swept over the entire resort, leaving people half-mad with fear of being trapped on the island. In the meantime, black clouds were gathering overhead, giving the ocean a ghastly, green color as its white-capped waves lashed higher and harder on the beach. This unusual

spectacle brought Mrs. Smith's wandering thoughts back once more to her duties as housekeeper and wife.

"Go put on your bathing suit, Cornelius! I know perfectly well that that suit is the reason for your not going in the surf with me this afternoon, but my taste is as good, if not better, than these knee-showing flappers' around here, and when I pick out a suit for you to wear, I want you to show it! Besides, we may have to swim Wrightsville Sound—one never knows what will happen in the next minute these days!"

In the course of two hours Mrs. Smith succeeded in getting her household articles packed in an old steamer trunk and pulled out on the front porch for the freight car to get. Her husband appeared around the corner of the porch just as this task was completed. The strong gale and heavy rain that already made great puddles, blew on him from every direction and straight through his newly donned green bathing suit; goose bumps and knocking knees resulting. The suit fitted badly, giving him the appearance of a small fox tangled up in a bag; the trunks bagged at the knees and the shoulder straps refused to stay placed on the bony shoulders.

"Can I help you, m'love?" he asked in the voice of one that feared he might offend.

"Yes, Connie. Hail that car coming and tell them to get this trunk. I'll have my clothes trunk ready by the time the next car gets here."

The street car came nearer and nearer, running at a furious gait and splashing water from the tracks on every side. At the Smith Cottage it stopped short with a clang, proving to be not a freight but a passenger car.

"Sorry I can't take your trunk, Snigglefritz. Get your wife and that will be enough baggage!" called the conductor from his stand. "By the way, tell the missus to hurry up, 'cause this is the last car and a storm such as this one is nothing to play in!"

"Come on, m'lo—"

" 'Snigglefritz and the missus,' indeed! I'll teach this young man our name! But I've got to take this trunk and there's no and's and if's and but's about it!"

Mrs. Smith had appeared from the side door and was cautiously making her way down the front steps, holding a large black umbrella high above her head, and leaving her shivering husband to follow. But in spite of her efforts to manage the umbrella, it turned wrong side out and was torn out of her hands. A mad scramble for the car steps followed. Finally they gained the inside of the street car and plopped, panting and wet, on one of the yellow seats just as the car gave a lurch and once more sped down the water-covered tracks.

"You haven't got my trunk!" Mrs. Smith cried excitedly, wringing her hands.

"No, madam. I haven't a place for it and I wouldn't take it if I had! Everybody else but you two has left the beach and I don't want to waste any more time before I do the ticklish business of crossing that trestle!" came the reply over the shoulder of the busily engaged conductor.

The yellow, bounding car made one last turn around a bend and plunged into water a foot deep covering the steel tracks, trestle, and all. The astounded Mrs. Smith gasped and swayed with the car as she looked at the fast disappearing cottages and the vast expanse of water before them.

"Oh, Connie, raise that window quick! I know this car can't stay on the track for the whole mile of this trestle and I want to be ready to jump out if it starts toppling!" she tearfully cried, looking at the dancing water that was usually so calm.

"That's all right, madam. You might have difficulty getting through that window if we went under. Remember the door and I'm sure you'll float right to the top and stay, but I'm worried about Snigglefritz; he'd sink like a ton of lead!"

Mr. Smith endured this talk, too frightened to move a muscle. His thin hands were clasped in his lap and his eyes were focused straight ahead.

The plunging, dripping street car made a worse lurch and rocked uncertainly for a few minutes. Mrs. Smith took this opportunity to grab her husband convulsively around the neck and cry in pitiful wails on his shoulder. Both husband and wife closed their eyes and waited a dreadful moment for an imagined plunge into the green depths. But presently they were surprised to find they were on land and speeding along toward Wilmington. The downpour of rain had even abated slightly.

"Look, Connie! We are saved! We're certainly going to church Sunday and thank our Heaven for it, too!" cried Mrs. Smith eagerly.

"Yes, m'love."

"You have been the dearest, bravest man I ever saw, Connie! Anyone could look at you and see that nothing ever frightened you."

"You two stop that kernoodling in my car or I'll put you off in the next swamp I pass!" playfully admonished the conductor, glad that their hazardous ride was over.

The remainder of the four miles to Wilmington passed rapidly for the three while the conductor told of his varied experiences carrying the frightened and excited crowds to town. When the car finally stopped at Fifth and Market streets, the rain had ceased altogether and the sun peeped through the fast traveling clouds to make the clinging rain drops sparkle.

Mrs. Smith jumped quickly to her feet and was off the car in a minute, only to stop suddenly in her tracks as she felt the inquiring gazes of the passers-by.

"Cornelius, why did you let me wear a bathing suit into town?"

Letitia Mason, '29.

LOVE'S DEFINITION

"What is Love?" I asked the crocus,
Peeping shyly from the earth;
"Oh," it whispered, blushing deeply,
"That is what I am at birth!"

"What is Love?" I questioned blue bird,
Flying to my sill to sing;
"That," he trilled, "is always heard now
In my first clear note in spring!"

"What is Love?" I asked the south wind,
Crooning softly through the trees;
"Ah," she drawled, in soft, slow answer,
"'Tis I, in summer, if you please!"

"What is Love?" I asked the suitor,
Strolling with his lady fair;
Stammered he, "It is the sunlight
Filtering through my sweetheart's hair!"

JOSEPHINE RICHARDS, '29.

STREET CAR SERVICE

(As seen by a town student.)

At five minutes of eight, fully clothed and fed, or clothed and fully fed if you prefer, I set out in search of that elusive mode of transportation, the street car. I walk the three blocks breathlessly, every instinct in me hoping and praying for a glimpse of the long yellow car when I reach the car line. I arrive at last and am rewarded, but a glimpse is all I get.

The end of the car creeps, in beetle-like fashion, over the hill. I patiently, or impatiently as the case usually is, stand on the corner and wait for the next car. Every minute spent on a corner waiting for a street car seems an hour. I have only thirty minutes in which to catch a first-period class! Why doesn't that car come on? Surely, it has had a "break-down!" I have heard that these cars run on ten-minute schedules, but I should like to have a peep at the clocks that determine these ten minutes.

At last the great yellow monster glides slowly down the street. I quickly step into the car, pay my fare, and stagger down the aisle to a vacant seat. The car rumbles on. At last, as comfortably seated as is possible under the circumstances, I raise my eyes in gratitude. A great red poster of Campbell's Soup meets my gaze. The car stops to pick up another victim. Oh, how it jerks me! The very soup almost spills from the poster. I continue gazing at the top of the car, only to look upon posters of every description — Arrow Collars, Lucky Strike Cigarettes, Heinz oven-baked Beans, Uneeda Biscuit (fresh from the oven), Victor Records, Ivory Soap, Lux, Wrigley's Double Mint, Buy a Chevrolet, Royal Gelatin, California Lemons, and so on down the line of street car advertisements.

People continue to get on the car. A big fat man sits down beside me. I can feel myself being pushed right against the window. How long before he will have pushed me out? More people mount the car as a corner is reached and passed. People are now standing in the aisle. They seem to be practicing a new dance. They sway with every movement of the car.

The school is on the next corner. I ring the bell and begin the difficult task of reaching the door. Somebody knocks a book from my arm. I pick it up and push my way to the front of the car. After much pushing and with both sides feeling black and blue from so many elbow shoves, I reach the door. The conductor opens it. With one triumphant glance at the other street-car occupants, I step from the car.

Once again my heart offers thanks! I am out in the open where there is plenty of space and air. How good it feels to take one's time walking in the early morning air. Alas! A great bell peals forth. I grasp my books tighter and bound like an antelope for the class room. I take my seat just as the bell ceases its sounding. On time! Oh, well, the street car may be slow, but it's sure!

MARY BETH MITCHELL, '29.

MOTHER

On summer nights, when the moon is high
And the night is still, save a lone dog's cry,
On summer nights, all dressed in blue,
She sits on the porch, and dreams of you.

She dreams of the dreams she's had for you,
Some dreams that perhaps will never come true;
She thinks of the things she's planned to do
When you are grown up—'tis all of you.

She sits tonight in her rocking chair,
With many a silvery thread in her hair,
Placed there perhaps by worrying for
The things that she wants to think you are.

Anne Melick, '28.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

"Marthy, oh, Marthy! c'mon down here and wash these dishes! They've been settin' here ever since six o'clock and you've not touched 'em yit!" The woman who spoke was a tall, lean, scrawny specimen of humanity. Her eyes were dark and set far back in her head. A big mouth covered a goodly portion of her long, bony face. Straggling, stringy wisps of dingy colored hair hung at all angles from her ill-shaped head.

"All right, Ma! Be down in a second—just as soon as I put on my satins! You know Jerry'll be around pretty soon and

I've got to be ready when he comes. I'm comin' right now, Ma."

Martha, who had just turned sixteen, was an exact reproduction of her father. Her short, dumpy body was attired in a light red satin dress. Stockings which shone like glass and low-heeled satin slippers completed her costume. Sparkling, green earrings hung from her ears. Two dabs of the reddest of red rouge were spread on her fat, protruding cheeks. Her hair had just been taken from its paper curlers and arranged with care over her small head.

"My lands, Ma, looks like you'd wash up the dishes on the nights Jerry comes over! I don't even have time to primp!" she said in a half-whining tone as she came blundering down the steps. "Sally's Ma helps her every night."

"Go on in that kitchen, Marthy, 'fore I get your Pa after ye! Ye know I ain't got time to wash dishes and sew for that Mrs. Seabury, too. Now, ye know that, so hush yer mouth and go on! Ye hear me?"

Martha walked slowly into the dimly lighted, smutty little kitchen. Her face was puffed with anger and her mouth turned down at the corners. From a nail on the wall she took a battered dish pan and set it on the table with a bang. From the old cook stove she took a pot of boiling water and poured it into the pan. The few mismatched dishes were placed in it with none too much care.

"Eight o'clock!" said Martha, as she looked at a rusty "Big Ben" hanging on a nail near the table. "Eight o'clock and here I am washing dishes! The rest of the family take it easy. Pa's reading the paper and Ma's pretending to be sewing and Chuck ain't doin' a livin' thing! I'm about the only one in the family who ever does a lick of work, anyhow. I'm gettin' pretty tired of it, too. I wish I was married so I wouldn't have to work like a dog! Jerry's already told me that if I'd marry him I wouldn't have to do one thing—not even wash dishes."

Just as Martha finished muttering, the telephone rang.

"Martha, Jerry wants ye on the phone."

Martha left her soapy dish pan and ran in high spirits to the telephone.

"Hello, Jerry! How are you?—What? Eight-fifteen, corner of First and Sixth. All right—goodbye! Glory, now I guess they'll be sorry they made me wash dishes!"

She tiptoed up the dark stairway and into her little attic room. She took her blue satin hat from the closet shelf and her pocket-book from the dresser drawer. Softly she tiptoed down again and out into the street.

"Gosh, I hope they didn't see me! Ma thinks I'm still washin' dishes! I hope she don't get disappointed.

Half running and half walking, she went down the dark, East-side street. Finally she reached Sixth Street, and there Jerry was waiting.

"'Lo, Martha! Guess you think I'm silly. Pa told me I was good-for-nothing and lazy, couldn't keep a decent job, and everything like that, so I picked up and left."

"You called at exactly the right time. Ma and I had just had a row over the dishes. Ma is so lazy!"

Slowly they walked, arm in arm, up Sixth Street until they reached the City Hall, and there they turned in.

Martha and Jerry gazed around and finally Jerry found a sign which read: *Mr. Robert L. Manning, Magistrate.*

"This is the place," said Jerry, knocking on the door.

"Come in!" sounded from within.

Jerry and Martha walked in.

"Have a seat. I'm busy with a divorce case at present. I will be through shortly."

Mechanically, the two took their seats in the waiting room adjoining the office of the magistrate. While they waited, they

thought of the happy days that were to follow. But presently they became aware of voices in the next room.

"Well," the magistrate was saying, "Why in the world did you two get married so young?"

"Because I thought I would be getting out of work. My mother made me wash dishes and clean up the house every day and I got tired of it, so I got married. I see what a fool I was now," replied a squeaky little voice.

"Well, my man, what can you say for yourself? I thought men always had better sense than to get married when they had no job and their wife was so unwilling to work. Speak. What have you to say on the subject?"

"I didn't know what I was getting into. I thought I would live on 'flowery beds of ease' after Mamie and I were married, but I see my mistake now," replied the young man.

"Yes, that's the way with young people. They always see their mistakes after it is too late."

Martha looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at Martha.

"Let's go!" said Martha in a low, almost inaudible tone. "I must get back and wash those dishes before Ma finds out I've been gone!"

"Suits me," replied Jerry, also in an almost inaudible voice. "Pa gave me some work to do before I left home. Let's go!"

They rose, slipped out into the hall and down into the street. No words passed between them until they reached Martha's house. Then, with a "Good night," Martha slipped quietly into the house and back into the kitchen. The dishes were just as she had left them, in the soapy dish pan. The old clock struck nine just as she put her hands into the suds.

"Marthy, ain't you finished them dishes yit? You've been washin' 'em ever since eight o'clock!"

"I've almost finished, Ma. We had more tonight than usual."

ELIZABETH WOMBLE, '29.

FINIS

Militant days with sturdy tread,
Days of smile and song;
Dismal days of dark despair,
And days that are tired and long.

Triumphant days with arrogant hours
And moments of hope and fear;
We feel dismayed, as they swiftly fade—
The days of our school career.

Alice McLean, '29.

SKETCHES

Victory

The little room was neatly arranged with everything in just its proper place. Mother sat at the machine sewing very carefully on a pair of small brown pants. She was an old lady, with hair turning slightly gray. Lines of care and anxiety marked her pale face, and her frail hands were scarred with hard work. Restlessly she watched the window while she sewed.

A door slammed and small feet rushed up the stairs. The door swung open, and a small, dirty-faced urchin looked triumphantly at his mother. His clothes were torn and dirty, his brown hair flew in all directions. A big gash was bleeding on his left cheek, and one eye was nearly closed. But in spite of all this he stood there with the air of a prince. His head was erect, his face was radiant.

"Oh mother," he gasped, "I have beaten that dignified Smith boy at last!"

Annie T. Duffy, '29.

THE INVALID

She reclined passively on a deep couch in the brilliant sunshine of the old garden, among the variegated foliage and bright splashes of color which characterize the plants and flowers of Brazil. Her pale, exquisitely modeled face was drawn with suffering, and her dull blue eyes, with their weary, drooping lids, were fixed in a glassy stare.

A large green and black bug hummed from the grass at her feet, and a humming-bird zigzagged around the rich red velvet petals of a huge dahlia. From the impenetrable greenness of a nut tree, there flashed a brilliant macaw, wildly shrieking. A purple and gold butterfly fluttered softly by, brushing the white-clad shoulder of the woman.

She stared on, immovable, unconcerned with the motion and the shrill sounds around her. She seemed hardly to breathe. Her thin, colorless lips were compressed, circled by deep lines, which might once have been caused by laughter, but which now only emphasized her extreme pallor, and the shrunken hollows in her cheeks. Dull brown hair, whose mingled silver strands caught the bright rays of the sun, was brushed severely back from her high forehead, across which ran the dark line of her brows.

JOSEPHINE RICHARDS, '29.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN

He seated himself in a leather upholstered Morris chair and took out a corncob pipe.

"Yes-suh!" he began enthusiastically. "We would've beat them Yankees in that skirmish, if we hadn't've give out o' 'munition. Yes-suh!"

The old veteran paused, scratched a match on the sole of his shoe, and lighted his pipe. His eyes twinkled beneath shaggy gray eye-brows. His long white beard partially covered the metal

military buttons on his round gray collar. His head was covered with thin white hair carefully brushed back from his wrinkled forehead. On one cheek he bore a white, jagged scar, which he exhibited proudly as he related the incident accompanying it.

"We weren't fah from the Blues' line when I saw a pal o'mine in th' middle o' the field about t' die. He was a-yellin' frantically fer somebuddy t' come an' get him. So I set out. Bullets was a-comin' thickern hornets, an' I had t' dodge t' keep from gettin' in the same fix that feller was. I'd reached him an' was on my way a-carryin' him back when all of a sudden a Yank spied us, grabbed a sword, an' poked my face!" He pointed with an unsteady hand to his mark of valor. "Well, I lit into that thar Yankee, and it was th' end o' him!"

"Did you save your friend?" I asked, seeing that he had concluded his tale.

"I got him back to our line all right, but he didn't last long." A clouded look came over his face. "He was too badly hurt."

"And how did you win your medal?" I asked, pointing to the bright gold insignia on his chest.

"Well," the Confederate veteran replied modestly, "that's what they gave me fer brav'ry in th' Battle of Gettysburg. I run up against a bunch o' Yanks an' beat 'em all single-handed." He smiled reminiscently.

The gray uniform fitted his aged, soldierly figure well. Not a button was missing or a torn place to be seen. The silvery bands coiling around his cuffs and up the sleeves to the elbows showed him to be an officer.

"Won't you tell me some more?" I begged.

The Confederate veteran arose slowly.

"Not today, I don't reckon. Us vets 're goin' t' hold a meetin' about now," he replied, taking a big gold watch from his vest pocket.

"Just give me the rebel yell," I pleaded.

"Well, all right." He deposited his corn-cob pipe on an old mahogany ash-stand. "Here goes!"

The old soldier cleared his throat, thrust his hands in his pockets, and began. He emitted an ear-piercing scream, too shrill, too vibrating, and too earth-rending to be expressed in words. It was no cry of terror or fright, but one more like a wild animal tearing down on its prey. I imagined how the Federals must have felt when an entire army gave out this awful yell. When the old veteran finished, he picked up his old gray hat from the back of the Morris chair, stuck his pipe back in his mouth, and walked slowly from the room.

ROMILDA BIRKEMEYER, '29.

EVE'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

A sunbeam sparkled through the heavy window pane and played in a rainbow of color on Maisie's hair—close cropped hair which moulded the contour of her beautiful head into a small boyish outline. Maisie read intently, greedily, absorbing some spectacular nonsense, and seemed oblivious to her surroundings. An austere grandfather clock chimed slowly, remonstrantly, and ceased, a marble bust of Napoleon glowered wrathfully from its vantage on the tallest bookcase, and a frowning ancestral portrait seemed to sternly condemn the slight little figure curled into an ingenious position in a stiff and ancient leather-backed chair—a simple sophisticated gesture of a girl, oddly incongruous in the austerity of her surroundings.

Maisie's eyes were an intense blue, the effect of which had been carefully heightened by intense, but suspicious looking black lashes. Her nose was short and quite impossible in con-

tour, her mouth that of an irrepressible gamin. The ancestor, from a retreat of ruffes and boned collar, might well have gasped at the incredible brevity, and appalling honesty, of her attire.

Alice McLean, '29.

Mr. Rogers

Mr. Rogers walked slowly down the little one-way street, holding his smooth chin high, swaying his well set-up body, and obviously aching to snap his long and nervous fingers under somebody's nose. His blue eyes were hot and scornful as he grumbled something in a deep, rough voice to his little wife, who was almost running to keep up with him. He wore a light grey suit that was well pressed, and a bright blue tie that matched the band on his hat.

Margaret Stallings, '29.

The Half-Hour Practice

"Johnny, come in here and practice your piano lesson," commanded the tall, grey-haired woman walking briskly out of the room.

A door slammed at the end of a narrow hall and a small figure with a frowning face appeared, sidled down the dim hall into the neat parlor, and plopped down on the hard piano seat. The frown deepened into an ugly scowl, completely altering the ruddy face. The white forehead became rows of tiny wrinkles, two small jaws worked up and down ferociously, and a small red mouth opened and closed with a snapping click. One dirty fist clinched and the other small hand hastily pushed the tousled yellow hair out of brown eyes that caught and held the warm sunlight streaming through the large casement window beside the old-fashioned carved piano.

Presently a weird minor chord broke the stillness of the big room, vibrating and re-vibrating through the house as Johnny pounded upon the yellow keys with his small slender fingers—fingers that suggested extreme sensitiveness and that did not accord with the rest of Johnny's chubby person.

And now a flickering smile replaced the unhappy scowl. The narrow, bent shoulders squared and became erect, stretching the shabby brown coat tightly across the shoulders. Limber fingers slid gracefully and easily over the ivory keys, and soft music stole through the house.

LETITIA MASON, '29.

THE MODERN FLAPPER

Flapper, in that skimpy dress
  Of thin, transparent silk,
Are you aware that in this world
  There's such a thing as milk?

Flapper, with your rolled down hose
  And bony neck so bare,
Are you aware that others hate
  Your bold, undaunted air?

Flapper, with your painted lips
  That bring you so few joys,
Are you aware that those who praise
  Are mighty glad they're boys?

JEAN MCIVER, '29.

NEWS NOTES

March 31. The Student Body held its annual reception. Effective decorative touches, with the Easter note predominating, enhanced the beauty of the building and gave it an air of colorful festivity. The receiving line was composed of the presidents of the respective classes and members of the faculty. An ice course was served in the dining room. Music was furnished for the occasion by the Sir Walter Orchestra.

April 14. The Pi Theta Mu and Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Societies held their monthly meetings.

The following officers for the Pi society were elected: Mary Virginia Dunn, President; Betty Vaiden Wright, Vice-President; Mabel Monroe, Secretary; and Jean McIver, Treasurer.

The officers for the Sigs are as follows: Elizabeth Bearden, President; Nancy Baker, Vice-President; Edith Mangum, Secretary; and Alma Walden, Treasurer.

April 15. Mr. Karl Hudson spoke to us in P. S. C. A. service. He based his sermon on the word "Watch."

April 21. The Junior-Senior Banquet. The ballroom of the Sir Walter Hotel was decorated in green and gold, the colors of the Junior class. The aeroplane idea was carried out in favors, decorations, menus, and toasts.

Toasts were given by Mary Kirkland, Mary Patterson, Edith Mangum, Jean McIver, Martha Clark, Louise McLeod, Miss Winifred Kuhns, and Miss Anne Ellis.

During the evening Alice McLean and Daisy Lee Carson gave a most amusing aeroplane skit, "All That Goes Up Must Come Down."

The Sir Walter Orchestra furnished music during the evening.

April 22. Rev. W. A. Stanbury spoke to us in P. S. C. A. services. His sermon was on the Feeding of the Multitude.

April 28. The Commercial Class Banquet was held at the Woman's Club. Aileen MacKay presided as toastmistress. Others giving toasts were Jeannie Brown, Nell Jones, Betsy Forrest, Aileen MacKay, and Martha Ray.

MAY 7. GRADUATING RECITAL BY MARY BYNUM

Sonata, Op. 13 ..... *Beethoven*
Allegro
Adagio cantabile
Rondo
The Two Larks ..... *Leschetizky*
Reverie ..... *Debussy*
Hark! Hark! The Lark ..... *Schubert-Liszt*
Concerto (D Minor) ..... *Mendelssohn*
Allegro appassionata
Adagio
Presto scherzando

MAY 14. GRADUATING RECITAL BY MADGE RINER

Sonata, Opus 57 ..... *Beethoven*
Allegro assai
Andante con moto
Allegro
Jeux d'eau (The Fountain) ..... *Rand*
En Bateau (In a Boat) ..... *Zechmer*
Alley Tune:
The Harmonica Player ..... *Guion*
Concerto, Opus 16 ..... *Grieg*
Allegro moderato
Adagio
Allegro marcato
(Orchestral accompaniment played by John Cole)

May 12. Expression Recital by Emily Pollock

Scene—As You Like It (Act IV, Scene 1) ..... *Shakespeare*
Ode to the West Wind ..... *Shelley*
Trees ..... *Joyce Kilmer*

Emily Pollock

Rondo Caprissioso ..... *Mendelssohn*

Margaret Green

Dialects:

Discovered ..... *Paul Lawrence Dunbar*
Oh Chone ..... *Anonymous*
So Glad for Spring ..... *T. A. Daly*
My Pa ..... *Hare*

Monologue:

A Leap Year Leap ..... *Walter Ben Hare*

Emily Pollock

Lotus Land ..... *Cyril Scott*
Valick ..... *John Madry*
The Eagle ..... *MacDowell*

Margaret Green

One Act Play—Hearts to Mend ..... *Harry Overstreet*

Emily Pollock

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Preparatory Department Graduating Exercises. Address by Mrs. T. Palmer Jerman, former President of North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

SATURDAY, MAY 26

8:30 p. m.—Annual Play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

11:00 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, in the First Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. E. Carlyle Lynch of Wilson, North Carolina.

7:00 p. m.—Vesper Service.

MONDAY, MAY 28

5:00 p. m.—Class Day Exercises.

8:30 p. m.—Annual Concert, followed by Art Exhibit.

TUESDAY, MAY 29

10:30 a. m.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumnæ Association.

11:00 a. m.—Alumnæ Meeting.

1:00 p. m.—Alumnæ Luncheon.

8:30 p. m.—Graduating Exercises. Commencement Address by Howard E. Rondthaler, M.A., D.D., President of Salem College, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

JOKES

Anne: "Why don't you take this dictation in shorthand?"
Ida: "I want to be able to read this!"

Miss Hall: "Name a liquid which never freezes."
Virginia Beall: "Boiling water."

Emily Pollock: "I'm going to take lessons in anesthetic dancing."

Aunt Lula: "Shall I sweep this rug?"
Alice: "Goodness, No! That's Al's cleanest towel!"

Marian: "One of my ancestors came over on the Mayflower."
Chick: "Oh, really? How long is he going to stay?"

Betsy Kellogg: "Miss Brower, what is an abbreviation?"
Miss Brower: "Edna Rowe's skirts."

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